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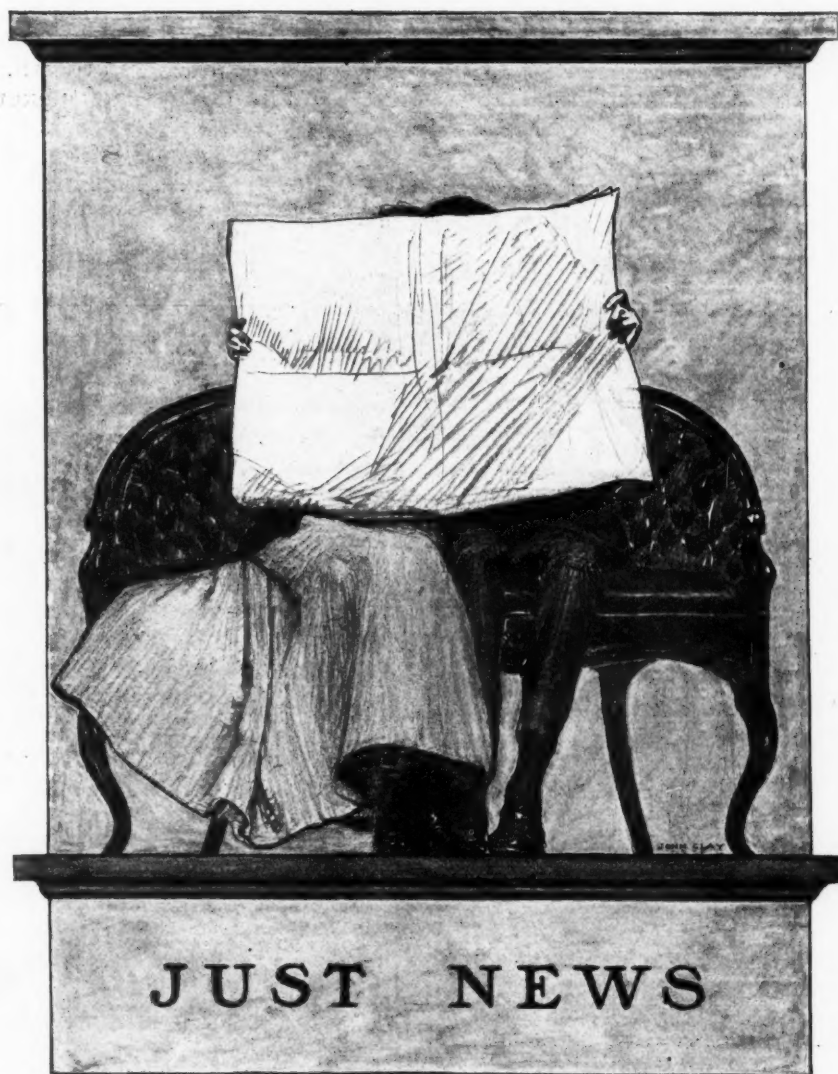
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"And The Wilderness Shall Blossom as the Rose."

SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA

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LIFE PUBLISHING CO., N. Y.

THE EASTER NUMBER of LIFE

READY APRIL FIRST,
NINETEEN HUNDRED and ONE

A Double Number
of Forty Pages

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When she looks like this,
she wants a box of

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Chocolates and
Confections

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate
is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and
healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
Established 1842.

1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

LIFE



THE COMMERCIAL PERIOD.

"AT LEAST GIVE A WORD OF SYMPATHY TO THE VICTIM."

"NOT MUCH! WHY, JOHN IS ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS."

Ballade.

TO THIS YEAR'S BUDS.

With Acknowledgments to Villon & Swinburne.

TELL me, I pray, in what countree
Is Minnie, our Egyptian dame?
And Berthe and lovely Leonie,
Jennie and Bessie, who could claim
A beauty that's beyond our aim,
On floor or links, to-day, I fear?
Alas! Are they themselves to blame?
Where are the buds of yester-year?

Where is the learned Amélie,
Who loved her beauty less than fame?
Or Consuelo, fair and free;
Mabel and Mary? What became
Of Isabel? All! All the same!
All fled away, and left us here!
All in pursuit of higher game!
Where are the buds of yester-year?

And tell me where the Muses be?
Of old New York—*crème de la crème*;
That in the M. A. M. we see—

Each hanging, in a dusty frame!
The Bouncers, too, that none could tame,
But laughed at Mrs. Grundy's sneer!
Gone! What a pity! What a shame!
Where are the buds of yester-year?

ENVOI.

Sweet roses! Sweet by any name;
That first with this year's snows appear,
Just smile, if some old fool exclaim,
Where are the buds of yester-year?

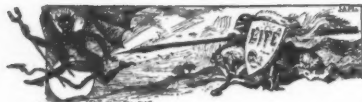
Henry G. Chapman.

IF all the correspondents who favor
this paper with their sentiments
on various subjects will sign their
names to their letters, their com-
munications will be even more valued
than at present. Whatever their senti-
ments may be, they run no risk in
signing them, for the privacy of such
letters is always respected.



AFTER STEALING A KISS IN THE DARK.

"DID YOU THINK IT WAS A GHOST?"
"NO, IT SMACKED TOO MUCH OF REALITY."



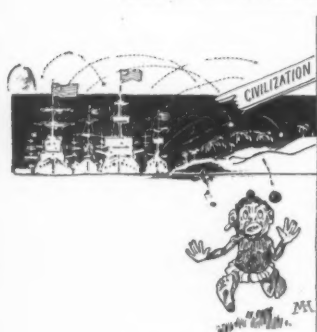
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVII. JAN. 24, 1901. No. 951.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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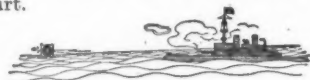
WHEN we know the opinion of the Supreme Court on the question whether the Constitution follows the flag, we shall be in a better position to predict what our colonial policy is coming to.

The question is whether the Filipinos and Hawaiians and Porto Ricans are our fellow-citizens or our subjects. If they are our fellow-citizens, they are in the same position as folks in New Mexico or the District of Columbia. Congress will govern them, as it does now. They can't send voting representatives to Congress until their countries have been admitted to statehood, and that won't be until the rest of us get ready. But the Constitution will apply to them and protect them just as it does us. Their countries will be part of the United States. Their products will come free of duty through our ports, and the tariff laws that apply to us will apply to them, and no special tariff laws, applying to them alone, may be passed.

If the Court says that the Constitution doesn't apply to them, Congress may govern them according to its sweet will, and make such laws for them and levy such taxes on them as it has a mind, without hindrance from

any written instrument. And though Congress would, doubtless, aspire to act towards them with humanity, we may be sure that in matters of trade, where their interests conflict with the interests of powerful citizens of this country, the interests of the *bona fide* Americans would not be allowed to suffer.

We can manage with Porto Rico and Hawaii, no matter what the Supreme Court says, but the Philippines are big, and their people are numerous, and to stretch the Constitution out over them too will be a very serious business. Mr. Benjamin Harrison thinks that is what we have got to do, if we keep the Philippines. His sentiments to that effect, as lately set forth in the *North American Review*, have been brought to the attention of the court.



WE are sending rebel Filipino chieftains to the Island of Guam. Guam isn't at all a bad place. The climate is good, but it offers a surplus of repose. It is dull, and the Filipino patriots don't like to go there. Moreover, sending them there recalls too vividly some of the ways of Spain, and puts folks in mind of Cronje and the Boers at St. Helena.

The *New York Times* suggests that it would be better to fetch the spare Filipinos to this country, and try to get acquainted with them. That seems a good suggestion. If we could only get a squad of influential Filipinos here, and board them at the Astoria, and put them up at the Union League Club, and have Mrs. Astor ask them to dinner, and show them other like polite attentions, possibly they might develop sufficient regard for us to either induce their countrymen to have patience with our philanthropic experiments, or contrive some means by which, without too much contumely, we could turn their unprofitable and exasperating islands loose on the world. So long as the all-but-universal sentiment among the Filipinos is "Damn the Americans," and the almost universal sentiment among the Americans is "Damn the Philippines," it ought to

be possible for human wisdom to invent some means by which two peoples so mutually unappreciative could flock apart.

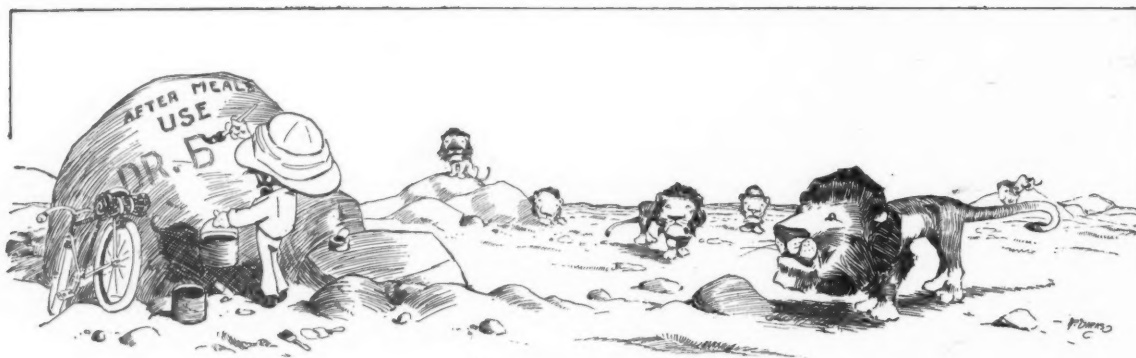


CONGRESS at this writing is trying to pass the Army bill. The need of it is urgent, because it provides for troops to take the places of the volunteers in the Philippines whose terms are about to expire. If it were long delayed many posts in the Philippines would have to be abandoned, and protection would be withdrawn from those Filipinos who have taken sides with us. There don't seem to be many of them, but it would be unthinkable to leave them in the lurch. That might be a way of promoting the happiness of the majority, but it is not a method that is inviting.

Senator Hoar would have an armistice, until a delegation of Filipino insurgents could have time to come to Washington and talk things over, but his resolution to that effect was not acceptable to the Senate. No method of extrication or compromise is likely ever to be acceptable. The best we can hope for is to take up with the one that is the least unacceptable, and there is very small chance of achieving even that. What seems likelier is that we shall drift on indefinitely, killing by the thousands Filipinos who have no claim on us for that difficult and expensive service, trying to impose government that we can't spare on people who won't have it, and vastly damaging the reputation of a flag that had some respectable facts behind the claim that it stood for freedom. Mark Twain, it seems, has called it "a polluted flag." Maybe so; possibly not; but certainly so far as its experience in the Philippines goes, it is the worst bamboozled flag that ever fluttered. It is time we amended the great seal of this country, and fetched loose the olive branch from our eagle's right claw and gave him openly the gold brick that he grabbed at two years ago and has clung to so gloomily ever since. Arrows in one claw, gold brick in the other—that's our eagle now, poor, dear, old bird.



He: HAS YOUR ENGAGEMENT TO THE COUNT BEEN ANNOUNCED?
"ONLY VERY INFORMALLY TO THE COUNT'S CREDITORS."



Jones: WELL, IT'S NO USE TALKING; YOU MUST ADVERTISE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

Life's Beauty Contest.

THE announcement of the winner of LIFE's Beauty Contest will be made in the issue of LIFE of February 7th, or two weeks from the date of the present issue. Many thousands of replies have been received, and the task of counting, tabulating and arriving at an accurate result requires a number of days for its satisfactory accomplishment.



NOW that we have successfully changed Centuries, we shall doubtless, for some time, be treated to a literary regimen of résumés. Virginia Tatnall Peacock offers her quota in *Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century*. This book contains the biographies of eighteen selected Belles, and its style is decidedly encyclopedic. (J. B. Lippincott.)

One of the best of the many recent books relating to the Orient is *An American Engineer in China*, by William Barclay Parsons. Mr. Parsons was Chief Engineer of the survey for the projected railway between Canton and Hankow. He traversed a hitherto unexplored Province, was thrown into close relations with all grades of Chinese officialdom, and writes most entertainingly of his observations. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

A book that must needs attract unusual attention is *An English Woman's Love-Letters*. Their exquisite beauty and their unspeakable sadness would ensure this without the mystery of their authorship. Many will be the tears that fall upon their pages. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

In reading *The Frigate Constitution*, by Ira N. Hollis, one is constantly tempted to "move the previous question." Indeed, the author has treated his subject in so diffuse a manner,

that the book is a poor account of the old navy rather than a good history of the frigate whose name it bears. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Devil Tales, by Virginia Frazer Boyle, is a collection of stories of darky superstitions. They will please readers interested in old plantation folk-lore; others would best leave them alone. The book is excellently illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Harper and Brothers.)

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has written a book of short stories called *Cupid's Garden*. A preface explains at some length the nature of the Short Story and Mrs. Fowler's qualifications as a writer of them. We confess that without this guide we should have thought the author's forte lay in other fields. (D. Appleton and Company.)

A simple and fairly attractive little tale of a bright baby and its influence upon its village world is told by H. A. Keays in *Little Lords of Creation*. There are passages, however (when the child's clever sayings are coming pretty fast), when the reader feels as though a fond parent had him tightly by the buttonhole. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

The New Catechism.

"WHO made the world, Charles?"
"God made the world in 4004 B. C., but it was reorganized in 1901 by James J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller."



RAG TIME.



Why not give the game
a fair chance once in a
while?

WHEN ROYALTY GOES A-HUNTING.

Still There.

'T WAS the month after Christmas, and all through our home,
No matter wherever our footsteps would roam,
In bed, or in clothes, or whatever you will—
Those Christmas tree bristles all clung 'round us still.

Life's Correspondent Abroad.

(Special Correspondence to LIFE.)

DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
Jan. 5, 1901.

A QUEEN'S MESSENGER reached me at Irkutsk, despite the vigilance of the Siberian police, and handed me this dispatch, "Come at once. Empire shaking. Victoria in tears. Joe C."

I left Siberia by balloon at once, and here I am.

I find that my amazing genius for diplomacy and statesmanship is my bane—it deprives me of rest and peace; and even the admiration of the world does not compensate me, nor the knowledge that fame eternal is mine. I found London in panic and despair, and Chamberlain's orchid wilted. I attended a reunion of the Salisbury family to-day; it is officially known as a cabinet meeting. The Cabinet was discussing the charges against the Horse Guards and Hussars, made by Rosslyn, and it meant defeat for the Government unless I came to the rescue. London was recovering from its jag, and was ugly; and the infamous Boers refused to admit the war was over. A crisis was seething when I entered the Cabinet, and Salisbury threw his whiskers on my breast, and sobbed convulsively, "Saved! Saved!" I gave the Government the points for a proclamation on the controversy, and England is saved once more. Victoria gave me a fine Indian shawl at once. I looked the Cabinet over cynically—their fears irritated me—and said: "Gents! The Horse Guards did not run away. As well fancy a telegraph messenger, a cop, or a



LIFE'S REPRODUCTIONS OF AMERICAN OLD MASTERS.

(From the Catalog of the National Portrait Gallery for the year 2000 A. D.)

Many close students of American history believe this portrait to represent some Actor attached to the court of William the First, but recent excavations on the site of Lincoln, in the province of Nebraska, unearthed an autobiography in which was a short history of this eloquent canvas, proving it, beyond cavil, to be none other than the Great Pretender.



"OH, MR. BEAR, IS IT GOOD HUNTING AROUND HERE?"

"WELL, I SHOULD SAY YES! YOU'RE THE FOURTH NICE LITTLE BOY I'VE SEEN TO-DAY."

bearded lady running. They could not run; they walked away firmly and with dignity. It is absurd to imagine heroes trained by the best nursery girls in London running. Their military instincts told them to avoid a frontal attack; hence their backs. The Horse Guards swore to outflank the Boers, and they marched towards the nearest available flanking spot, Cairo, Egypt. Had the Boers remained where they were when the attack began, they would have been captured six weeks later by the Guards. It was Napoleon's Russian tactics over again; yet, while Napoleon lost his army, the grim old Horse Guards are intact, and still heroically guarding their horses. Rosslyn is an ass, gents. As for the Hussars, we know they charged; they admit it; charged passionately, swinging canteens, and chanting 'God Save the Queen.'



The history of the subject of this masterpiece is quite well known. He was, along with every other Irishman, formerly a king in Ireland. On being deposed he fled to America, and established a grand duchy on Manhattan Island—and led the great Vice-Crusaders of the year 1900. His title, after the establishment of the First Empire, was Richard the First, Earl of Manhattan, sometime called Richard the Bulldog-Hearted. The animal seen in the picture is probably a cheetah or leopard, used by the nobles of Manhattan for hunting.

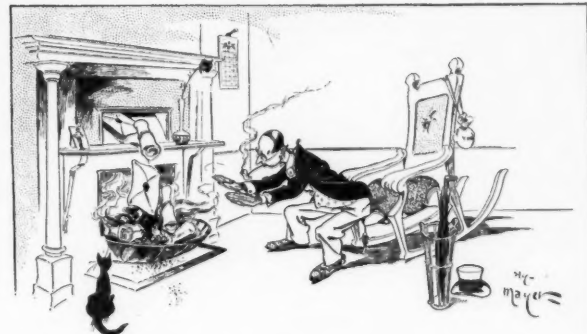


Mrs. Hen: HE'S AWFULLY COMMON! WHY, HIS MOTHER WAS A SECOND-HAND \$2.98 INCUBATOR.

They say so; and are the words of Boers to come before those of officers and gentlemen? Analyze the conditions. All admit the Hussars charged as fearlessly and boldly as British tailors. It is simply a question of direction; that is all. The War Department fatally neglected to supply our heroes with guides and compasses, and all directions look alike on the veldt. The Boers were hiding, concealed, to bring shame on the gallant fellows. They could not see them, and charged in the wrong direction. This is the whole question in a nutshell. Instead of charging at the Boers, they charged away from them. Are they to blame? Certainly not. The Boers should have exhibited themselves, if they desired to face a British charge. They dared



THE SCHEME OF A WICKED EDITOR.



not. Go, gentlemen, to the British public fearlessly, and everybody will be vindicated."

The Cabinet gave three cheers for Squeelman, and ordered the election; and you know the rest. I understand Winston Churchill is inclined to discredit my influence in reaping victory for the Tories; but question him when he arrives with Major Pond, and he will weakly admit that he knows nothing about the affair.

This is the secret of Salisbury's victory; it has never been told before.

Rudyard Davis Squeelman.

"WELL, my dear, what did you see in Europe?"

"See! We had no time for details. We saw only Europe."



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A WIDOW AND HER

THEY WERE FISHING



DOW AND HER FRIENDS.

THEY ARE FISHING.



What We Have To See.



GIVEN a popular novel, a clever actress, and a dramatist who can cut custom made plays ready to wear on short notice. Mix in some advertising, scenery, costumes and chilly music. Set before an easy public. You are bound to succeed. It is strange that so many persons are running cheap restaurants when this sort of catering pays so much better. At the same time, Julia Marlowe as *Mary Tudor*, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is charming. Few actresses given to toggling themselves out in boys' clothes find the attire so becoming. Besides this, she reads her English intelligently and delivers it clearly. The play is not beneath contempt. It may reverse all of one's ideas of history and violate one's notions of probability, but it passes the time, and will, doubtless, make money for its promoters. As plays are made to-day that is the highest praise to be given. It would be waste of time and space to

consider this bid for the popular two or three dollars from a literary or artistic point of view.

MISS EDNA MAY was, not long ago, a chorus young person in a local theatre. In one of its productions she was given a prominent part, and by the aid of a song that became popular and by a sort of demure beauty, she gained considerable notice. Then she went to London, and her demure personality caught the fancy of the British Johnnies. She became the fad with them and their set. Now enters Mr. Charles Frohman, whose wonderful sagacity, as an impressario and recognizer of untried genius, is well known. He had overlooked Miss May's rare gifts when she was in New York. By the subtle mental processes peculiar to the Frohmanian intellect, he discovered her genius in London. He brought her back to New York, and the result of this Napoleonic stroke is Miss Edna May's appearance at the Herald Square Theatre in "The Girl From Up There."

Now, demureness is a peculiar quality. On a pretty face it is very becoming and attractive. It may be a mask for any amount of concealed cleverness. Or it may be assumed merely as a safe cover for absolute nothingness. Judging by Miss May's performance out in the open, she might better have remained demure. It

was too bad Mr. Frohman did not appreciate that demureness was her best gift, and confine her to some part where that quality could be made to count.

"The Girl From Up There" is about as important a composition as its clever title would indicate. Its story has a vague, remote resemblance to a plot, its wit and humor have been carefully omitted, its music neither delights the moment when it is heard nor burdens the memory, and its people, who have been clever in other things, are made stupid by the piece's general atmosphere of dreariness.

"The Girl From Up There" should never have come down here.



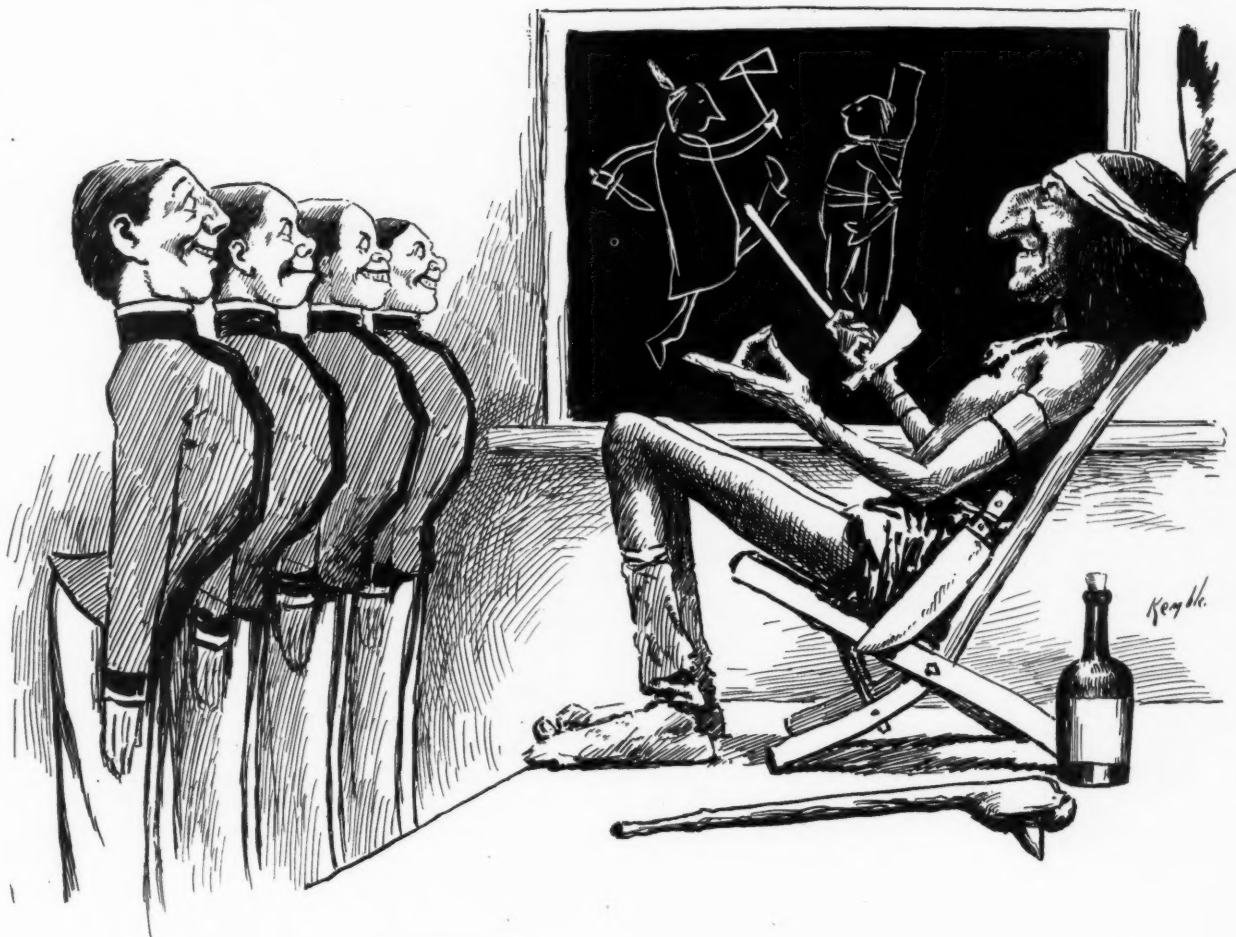
THE most recent spectacle that the Theatrical Syndicate has prepared for the American public is an inspiring one. It is a continuous performance—seven burly Jews jumping on one woman and trying to prevent her gaining a livelihood. The woman in the entertainment is Miss Henrietta Crosman, who, independent of the Syndicate, made an artistic and financial success as *Nell Gwyn* in "Mistress Nell." Unfortunately for her, she was not willing to pay blackmail to the theatrical road-agents. In accord with their usual methods, they proceeded to make things pleasant for Miss Crosman. There was not only the usual greed for money to be gratified, but she must be made an example to intimidate other actresses who might be tempted to practice their art without paying tribute to the Trust. By a strange coincidence Miss Ada Rehan, under Trust auspices, was also given the part of *Nell Gwyn*. By another coincidence, simultaneously with Miss Rehan's appearance in the part, the manager of the independent theatre where Miss Crosman was playing—himself a Jew—ceased to be so friendly with her as when there was only one *Nell Gwyn* in the field. According to her statement, this unfriendliness took the form of actual persecution. When a manager becomes a persecutor he can make it virtually impossible for a star to give her performances. Miss Crosman alleges that this is what happened, and that she was forced to close her engagement. The next act in the scheme was to close Miss Rehan's engagement in New York prematurely, and hurry her to Philadelphia, so that her appearance as *Nell Gwyn* should anticipate Miss Crosman's, and thus rob the latter of the money she expected to make in that city through the novelty of her play. It is presumed that these tactics will be repeated elsewhere until Miss Crosman is financially ruined. With all the resources at the command of her persecutors, this should be an easy task. Miss Crosman is dependent on herself alone, and can hardly expect to battle successfully with the powerful combination opposed to her.

Pleasant spectacle for the new century, isn't it?

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—Strauss's operetta, "Vienna Life." Notice later.
Republic.—"In the Palace of the King." Handsomely mounted. Melodramatic and not especially interesting.
Wallack's.—Mary Mannering as *Janice Meredith*. Acting and mounting better than the play.
Garden.—Mr. E. S. Willard, an excellent actor, in different plays.
Lyceum.—"A Royal Family" continues to satirize the ways of royalty in humorous fashion.
Daly's.—"Lady Huntworth's Experiment." A clean, interesting and amusing play, well acted.
Empire.—"Mrs. Dane's Defence." A clever play of the fashionable London type, well acted, but not for young persons.
Garrick.—"The eternal and amusing David Harum."
Bijou.—Clyde Fitch's play, "The Climbers." Notice next week.
Knickerbocker.—Mr. Goodwin and Maxine Elliot in "When We Were Twenty-one." Last year's success. Very well worth seeing.
Weber and Fields's.—Speculators will sell you good seats for amusing burlesque at large prices.
Criterion.—Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." See above.
Academy of Music.—"Quo Vadis." The persecution of the Christians in spectacular form.
Herald Square.—"The Girl From Up There." See above.



WHY NOT ESTABLISH A CHAIR FOR PHYSICAL TORTURE AT OUR MILITARY SCHOOLS?

The Sleeping-Car Show.

OF all funny sights that you and I know,
Is there aught that can rival the sleeping-car show?
Blue and green curtains close hung in a row
Red velvet straps silver numbers all show;
Silence pervades all, until here and there
Peeps out a foot, or it may be a pair;
White stockings, black stockings, big feet and small,
Under the curtains we look at them all.
Here comes a fat leg—here comes a thin,
Rapidly thrusting their trousers within.
Out bulge the curtains, early birds smile,
Solid obstructions are packed in the aisle.
Out peeps a face—the coast, is it clear?—
Ladies, go that way; gentlemen here.
Collarless, coatless, with tumbled-down hair,
Tall men and short to the washroom repair;
Tumbled and anxious in wrapper and skirt,
Each woman rivals the knight of the shirt;

Sex has no standing, they're equally frights
As they make up a part of the sleeping-car sights.
Yet hold! There is one great discrimination
For which Pullman and Wagner give no explanation:
The washrooms for ladies have partial seclusion,
And a curtain and door prevent undue intrusion;
But the washbowls for men are out in full view,
And the public in passing can see what they do.
Oh, tell me! of all funny sights that you know,
Is there aught that can rival the sleeping-car show?

L. A. C. W.

A Natural Pride.

HE: Oh, yes! I do a little that way now and then;
I've written one or two plays.
SHE: How perfectly delightful! And have you met
with much success?
"Pretty well, so far. I once got a manuscript of mine
back from the manager."

LIFE'S HALL of FAME



CANDIDATES in large numbers are still crowding in for admission, which shows the popularity of LIFE's Hall of Fame. But we regret to say that our selections do not please everybody. A great many people seem to think that we have made some mighty poor choices. One man writes: "Richard Croker was bad enough to begin on. He represents, without doubt, the worst element in the community, and he is a good many kinds of a disgrace; but when you let in Chauncey Depew and Mark Hanna, this was too much."

Another sends us the following: "Why does LIFE take such poor material for its Hall of Fame? Russell Sage and Richard Croker surely ought not to march along the road to immortality hand in hand, and this is what it means when you open your doors to them. Please do better."

Tut, tut, good critics. You mean well, but you don't understand the business of conducting an up-to-date Hall of Fame. We are taking the best material we can lay our hands on, without discrimination. And besides this, if you will observe, we are taking the real rulers. This is the main point. Mark Twain and Grover Cleveland both applied last week and we turned them down. This is a Hall of Fame that recognizes only those who need us.

This week we take pleasure in announcing a fresh young candidate from the shores of South Africa. The official examination follows:

EXHIBIT F. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

- "Name?"
 "Winnie Churchill."
 "Are you any relation to *our* Winston, Winnie?"
 "No, sir. He writes historical novels. I act them."
 "What is your occupation?"
 "I am a professional escaper."
 "Where did you last escape from?"
 "The Boers."
 "Have any trouble?"
 "Oh, no. They were very kind to me and helped me out."
 "Who is your guardian?"
 "Major Pond."
 "Is he good to you?"

"Too good. He has almost spoiled me."

"Do you fully appreciate the honor you have conferred upon us as a nation in visiting our shores?"

"Oh, yes. I had it explained at a dinner."

"What are your impressions of America?"

"It seems lucrative."

"Will you come again?"

"Oh, yes, after every war."

"That will do, Winnie. You're it."

Can It Be?

IT appears, according to the papers, that Dr. Montague R. Levenson, president of the Anti-Vaccination Society, says, among other things, "that vaccination is an iniquitous practice, and that the people should resist with force the vaccinators who invaded their homes." Which looks as if the wicked Dr. Levenson went so far as to believe the thoughtful citizen had some rights of his own, even when the M. D.'s were against him.

He is also reported as saying:

I have been vaccinated myself twice. The first time when I was a boy. It was successful; that is, it "took." One year later I was taken down with smallpox in a virulent form.

Up to 1894, however, with other physicians, I believed in vaccina-



"IF YOU WILL ONLY GET RID OF HIM, AGUI, I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND."



FOOLED AGAIN.



ON THE SANDS.

"DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, BISHOP! DOWN FOR A REST, I PRESUME?"

"YES, I'VE BEEN IN THE SLUMS FOR A MONTH."

"AH! INDEED! BUT THEN, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, YOU KNOW."

tion. In that year I again had myself vaccinated. Then I began to make a close study of vaccination. I was led to make this study by finding many children, children of parents whose blood had always been in a perfectly healthy condition, afflicted with a degrading disease resulting from the injection of virus into their veins. I was not

long then in reaching the conviction that vaccinating was an evil practice.

Did you ever!

Why, this is almost equivalent to asserting that the medical profession is not infallible!

Uncrowned.

BEFORE the hatter's window show
The poet stood, and sighed, "Ah me!
Never was long-felt want so filled
As that long-wanted felt would be.
"Alas! what boots it thus to stand?
The muse to hustle it behooves.
If but the ghost would only walk
As often as the spirit moves!"

THERE is no proof that Paderewski was killed in a duel in Paris as lately reported. The Paris police have not heard of it, and the eminent pianopounder himself has made no admission of his death. The story is defective in inherent probability. Mr. Paderewski has not as yet even begun his series of farewell visits to America, and has by no means got out of this world all that it owed him. The tale seems entirely untrustworthy. Perhaps he had his hair cut and that started it.

Confident.

NERVOUS MOTHER: Are you sure, Willie, that the ice is safe?
"Oh, yes! It wouldn't be safe if there was another boy with me, but I'm going alone."

TO stop the wrangling between two Atlanta papers, one of which maintained that Mr. Cleveland had voted for McKinley at the recent election, Mr. Cleveland has disclosed in an autograph letter that he did not vote for President McKinley.

It looks a good deal as though Grover had helped himself to the mustard, doesn't it? Still, there was a cold-water alternative, and possibly he took to that.

A Martyr to Principle.

"**A**H, poor thing! Her end was sad in the extreme."

"Indeed!"

"You know she always revolted at the idea that there could be anything in common between her and the lower classes."

"So I have always heard."

"Well, she caught cold from her cook, and was so ashamed that she refused all medical aid, and died!"



THE DYING CADET.

A youth, a would-be soldier, lay wounded at West Point,
His chin was badly shattered, his nose was out of joint;
His breath came hard and jerky, at times bunched into sighs,
And darksome was the color that hung about his eyes.
A kneeling comrade asked him what message he should take
Unto his distant kinsfolk, and thus the victim spake:
"Go break it to them gently that when he died their Bob
Was thinking of old Podunk, old Podunk on the Wab.

"Tell them in tender manner I died a soldier's death,
The fumes of hot tabasco entangled with my breath,
My nose clear off its bearings, my eyes as big as moons,
My hair shampooed with mustard, my stomach stuffed with
prunes.

They fed me on hot olives served in cold axle grease,
And when I made wry faces they hissed like horrid geese.
And during the proceedings they laughed to hear me sob
And wish myself in Podunk, in Podunk on the Wab.

"They fed me plaster paris, I think almost a peck,
Then made me drink hot water till full up to the neck,
And my digestive organs, though always prompt and pat,
Were not prepared to handle a contract such as that.
And then, they said, to teach me to bear the ills of war,
They forced between my pale lips a Christmastime cigar;
Then well I knew the sequel—I'd jump my earthly job
And find a grave at Podunk, at Podunk on the Wab.

"I laughed at their approaches with scorn when they began
To make of me an officer and army gentleman.

I polished up the rifles, swept out the stumps and quids
And blacked the army brogans of Uncle Sam's kids;
But when I reached the hardships of war I had to squeal,
My body was not armored with Carnegie's famed steel,
And, comrade, please express me, when my heart has ceased
to throb,
With military honors to Podunk on the Wab."

— *Denver Evening Post.*

CHAPTER I.

"It's a good deal of money to put into a Christmas present," said Mr. Spudds, "but it will give her a pleasant surprise, and I guess I can stand it."

So he drew his check for \$500 for a diamond brooch for Mrs. Spudds.

CHAPTER II.

"It looks like paying a great deal of money for a single garment," remarked Mr. Spudds, "but I can't think of anything she would like better for a Christmas gift, and this has been a pretty good year. I'll go it."

Whereupon he wrote a check for \$375 for a sealskin sacque for Miss Spudds.

CHAPTER III.

"Her mother will consider it a piece of extravagance," muttered Mr. Spudds, "but she shall have as fine a one as

there is in the market. Christmas comes only once a year, anyhow."

And he wrote a check for \$165 for a woman's gold watch for Miss Calista Spudds.

CHAPTER IV.

"The girls and I are delighted with our presents, William," said Mrs. Spudds on Christmas morning, "and now I will show you what I have done for you. Here it is."

"What is it, Amelia?" asked Mr. Spudds.

"It's the silk necktie we gave you last Christmas, turned and made over, and just as good as new."

But what else can a man expect who transacts all his business by check, and never leaves any money at home when he goes downtown in the morning?

— *Chicago Tribune.*

LORD RATHMORE has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of Society's shortcomings replied:

"There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."—*Argonaut.*

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A box of Ripans Tabules on a drug store counter lay.
A poor dyspeptic victim espied them there one day.
Said he: "I'll try some Tabules; I've heard of 'em
before."

He did; and his dyspepsia has troubled him no more.

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· LIFE ·

The dames of France no longer wear
The plumes they used to prize;
They find that aigrets in the hair
Bring crow's-feet in the eyes.

— Bird Lore.

SMALL BOY (peering wistfully above grocer's counter):
My mother told me not to ask you for an apple if you were
busy.—*New York Evening Sun.*

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"SAY, pa, what was the Applan Way?"

"Why, it was—er—just a way the Applians had, I sup-
pose."—*Chicago News.*

THE wonderful physical endurance of General Fukushima,
who is in command of the Japanese troops in China, was
thus explained to Frederick Palmer the other day by an
officer who is over six feet tall and rather thin. "No wonder
Fukushima does not get tired, his heart has to pump blood
only about half as far as mine. It is the difference between
supplying water to a two and a four-story building."

—Argonaut.

A DRINK FOR THE GODS.

The pure juice of the grape, naturally fermented, such is
Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

"GOING to buy a bookcase? Aren't you getting extrava-
gant?"

"I suppose so; but there's only one alternative. The
house is lumbered up with borrowed books until they are a
nuisance. I've just got to buy a bookcase or return the
books."—*Boston Transcript.*

It was Friday. He had just proposed. The girl said
she'd think it over.

"H—how soon can I have an answer?" he faltered.

"Well," said the girl, "if you don't get an affirmative
answer from me by Monday, you may know I'm married to
somebody else."—*New York Evening Sun.*

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